

THE
Constant Nymph:

OR, THE
Rambling Shepheard.
A PASTORAL.

As it is Acted at the DUKE's Theater.

First Edition.

Written by a Person of Quality.

Licensed, August the 13th. 1677.

Roger L'Estrange.

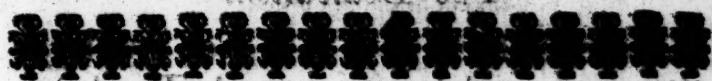
L O N D O N,

Printed for Langley Curtis in Goat-Court on Ludgate-Hill.

1678.

*Collected
&
Perfect.
1678.*





THE DEDICATION.

TIs said; and none who are Gentle, as the Readers of Plays most undoubtedly are, but will yeild it as Orthodox and Authentique, as any other of our Proverbial sayings; *Better be out of the World, than out of the Fashion.* Since, then this Pastoral takes the Confidence to come abroad; it is requisite, it should follow the Mode; and like other Plays of this Age, have a Preface: Though, Scene and Persons being Rurall, this Punctilio, perhaps, may be unexpected, and would have been dispens'd with.

But having, (and who so Cautious to avoid a Rock, as the once Ship-wrackt?) suffer'd so much through the defects of setting off, when it came on the Stage, it dares not now reject any Accomoda-

The Dedication.

~~For the~~ ~~can~~ ~~give~~ ~~it~~. For (with the
Theaters good leave to speak Truth,) it
cannot receive greater Disadvantage in the
Reading, than it met in the Presenting,
The chief Parts Acted by Women; and,
for their Ease, and somewhat of deco-
rum, as was pretended, whole scenes left
out, and scarcely any one Speech un-
mangled and entire. As for Adornments,
in Habit, Musick, and Scene-Work, it
was Vacation-time, and the Company
would not venture the Charge: Though
they could not be ignorant; that without
such Embellishments, they might, with as
much hope to have it take, have pre-
sented a Masque as a Pastoral. For, as
well the one as the other receives it's
Grace, more from Show then Plot; from
Novel, and Sprightly Aires and Dan-
ces, then curious and busy Intrigues, bor-
rowing more indeed of the Opera then
Comedy. Wherefore, in regard of the
great Cost in the Presentations of them,
they are both of them made almost the
peculiar divertisement of Courts, at the Ce-
lebration of Marriages, and the like Splen-
did

The Dedication.

did Entertainments. But why all this? What avails it, if the Gallant likes not his Suite, to excuse the Stuff, and blame the Trimming? Let the Fault then, as to the late case of this Pastoral, be layd where it will; in the Meat, or the Seasoning. It was happy in haveing such Generous Guests, as could so civilly suppress their disgusts. Wherefore, to those most Noble Persons, as extreamly oblig'd, it is gratefully Dedicated. And now, whether it be lik'd or dislik'd, they are sure of this, to be pleas'd with: 'Twill cost less to read, than it did, (when acted) to see it.



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Lee, in Mans Cloaths.

Gallants, to Night I'm to be one of you,
As Brisk, as Amorous, as Inconstant too;
A Spark that has Debauch'd e'ne half the Town,
Been kind to all the Sex, but true to none.

And t' Aft that part to th' life

Suppose me now walking in Lumbarstreet :

Here I an old cast City Mistress meet.

Madam, your humble Slave; I can't express

My joy for this surprizing happiness :

How does your Husband, the good Alderman :

I wonder at your impudence, how can

You ask that question, false, ungrateful Man,

And know how much you have abused him ?

In a Wo-
mans Voyce.

— I

Abused him; Heaven forbid—— I hope your joy,

My little Godson grows a dainty Boy.

In his voyce

Yes Sir, I thank you,

He grows a pace, a very precious Bud,

But he's too like the Father to be good.

In her Voyce.

Thanks t' Heaven, that Thunder clap is at an end,

And now I meet a Covent-garden-Friend.

Madam, my old Acquaintance——

[In his Voyce.

—— Old, (cries she)

} In her Voyce.

Why Sir, is it so long agoe since we——

Oh Madam, no old storjes : I must own,

I once was th' happy Man; but you are grown

} In his voyce.

Acquainted since with half the Blades o' th' Town.

Well,

PROLOGUE.

*Well, if I am: the greater Villain you,
You are the first my frailty ever knew:
And when*

} In her Voyce.

*Her honour's lost, her Fortunes, mind too.
What would you have a poor weak Woman do?
Another cryes, you're a fine Gentleman!
Well, if I ever trust a man again —*

*Did you not Swear, and tell me you would dye,
Before you'd wrong me: Oh the more Fool I.
'Tis well you tired me out, teas'd me whole dayes,
Hurry'd, and haunted me from Park to th' Plays;
Then kept me up whole Nights twixt sleep and waking,
Or else, I am sure, I had ne're been so o'retaken.
This is a man of Mode, and should I spin ye
Your Crimes at length, lay all your sins again' ye;
Raile at ye, say how many Devils are in ye,
T'abuse poor Woman-kind, the work were easie,
But that I fear 'twould rather tire than please ye:
For how can that divert you in a Play,
That's your old constant Musick every day.*

Adors

Actors Names.

Sylvanus, chief Shepherd of *Lycea*, and Father of *Traumatius* and *Astrea*, ————— Mr. Sandford.
Astaeus, the rambling Shepherd, ————— Mrs. Mary Lee.
Philisides, a young Shepherd of *Dipea*, in Love with *Astrea*, and disguis'd in a Shepherdesses Habit, by the name of *Euplaste*, ————— Mrs. Barry.
Traumatius, supposed dead, and disguis'd in the Habit of a Priest, under the name of *Evander*, ————— Mr. Medburn.
Ismenius, a Priest, ————— Mr. Gills.
Melibæus, a Shepherd, ————— Mr. Fenton.
Lilla, Mother to *Alveria*, & Aunt to *Philisides*, ————— Mrs. Norris.
Astrea, *Sylvanus's* Daughter, ————— Mrs. Wyn.
Alveria, *Lilla's* Daughter, in Love with } Mrs. Batterton.
Traumatius, ————— }
Lipomene, }
Cloris, } Shepherdesses.
Sylvia, }
Clinias a merry Shepherd and Servant to } Mr. Richards.
Astaeus, ————— }
Darmetas, Servant to *Sylvanus*, ————— Mr. Pursevall.

Priests, Shepherds, Shepherdesses.

The SCENE *Lycea*, in *Arcadia*.

ERRATA.

Page 6. l. 26. for *Tents* read *Text*, p. 28. l. 16. r. *so please*, p. 36. l. 8. for *Breast* r. *Breath*, p. 39. for *self* r. *life*, p. 42. l. 4. r. *Admonishment*, ib. l. 22. r. *profeſt*, p. 45. l. 9. r. *cancell'd*.

THE Constant Nymph, &c.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter at one Door Melibeus, and Shepheards ; at another, Lipomene and Shepherdesses.

Mel. **B**ehold ! the Nymphs are up as soon as we,
To Celebrate this Day's Solemnity :
So well they know, that in a Wedding-Feast,
Their Sex and ours have equal Interest.

Thou happy Swain, awake, awake ;
Thy mis-becoming Sleep forsake :
The Sun was up an Hour agoe ;
And yet has nothing more to do,
Than it had Yester-day. But thou'rt to take
From the Priest's hands a Blessing, that would make
The Veins of Age new Fire to take.
And is thy Youth (to Youths great Shame,)
Affected at it with less Flame ?
Forbid, O *Pan*, such Prodigies.

Shep. Awake, awake, for Shame arise !

Enter Astatius Above.

Ast. Good-Morrow gentle Shepherds to you all,
With hearty Thanks for this Harmonious Call.
This civil Office too, I pray confer
On my fair Bride ; and when you have rais'd her,
Repair to *Ladons* House, within the Grove,
And there I'll consummate my happy Love.

B

Exeunt.

The

The Constant Nymph.

The SCENE, Lilla's House.

Enter Lilla and Euplaste.

Lill. This Match is wholly by her Father made ;
She is but Passive in't.

Eup. 'Tis e'ne as bad ;
Where lyes the Difference,
When from my Fold my Lamb is gone, to say,
That it was lost, or that 'twas forced away ?

Lill. But I should think that Act might soon be staid ;
In doing which, anothers Will's obey'd,
And not our own.

Eup. I had the same Belief,
But found her more in her Obedience stiff;
Than others of her Sex are, in their Will;
So vain t' avert her, proved my baffled Skill.
Her Breath I told her, tho' 'twas sweeter far,
Than from the Stills, the Drops of Roses are;
By saying she was *Astatiuses*, would turn Aire,
That would her Faces Beauty more impair,
Than ere an Ear of Corn, the Milldew did;
'Twould blast her to a Leper: *Pan* forbid,
She only cryed; for she must venture it;
Her Will must to her Father's Will submit.
But sure, said I, you will the Gods incense,
In such a Criminal Obedience,
When you discard *Philistides* true Love.
When I thus found, that but in vain I strove,
I gave it o're; but so, as he whose strength
In Swimming's spent, yeilds to be drown'd at length.

Lill. Well, do not thus afflict your self, take heart;
Impatience makes our Wounds but more to smart.

Eup. But they are but weak Surgeons, who to cure 'em,
Apply no other Salve, but to endure 'em.

Lill. I've done my best, but Fates have crost my Will.

Eup. And makes that less, or more, my ill:

Lill.

The Constant Nymph.

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Lill. Who knows but this may turn to greater good?

Eup. That Good affects not, that's not understood.

Enter Dametas.

Lill. Hold, here's *Dametas*; happily we may
Learn out of him, what may your Grievs allay:
Shift then your Sayle, and lay your Passions down;
Seem unconcern'd, as if 'twere all unknown,
What-e're we say.

Dametas. What brings you?
You're grown a Stranger here.

Dam. 'Tis true.

I would the cause of it had never been;
I weep when e're my Thoughts it enters in:
But let that pass, good *Lilla*, and receive
The Message I have brought, to have your Leave,
That your fair Daughter, with her Presence, may
Add Luster to *Astrea's* Bridal Day.

Lill. Forgive me Fame; For till this Witness came,
I thought thou didst but raise a Lye, to shame
Astrea with: Or was it my Mistake?
And will she then her dearest Swain forsake,
If Love be a good Tide, and her Breast
But with one Grain of Loyalty possess.

Dam. Who's that, dear Swain? pray name him, if you please

Lill. As if you knew not: 'Tis *Philisides*.

Dam. You do ill, *Lilla*, to be so o're-sway'd
By partial Love, before this stranger Maid,
Because he is your Nephew: To suggest,
He in *Astrea* has such Interest,
As that she ought to marry him, whom she
Nor can, nor may.

Lill. Make that appear to me.

Dam. I shall, at least to you, fair Maid, I shall; (To *Eup.*)
For fear you else, thro' ignorance might fall
Into some doubtings of *Astrea's* Truth.
For 'tis confess'd, 'twixt her, and that named Youth,
Some Love has pass'd.

The Constant Nymph.

Eup. And why not then, pursued?

Dam. Cause with more Piety she is endued.

Sylvanus, whom I serve, for Age and State,

In our *Arcadia* is a Magistrate:

He, by his Wife, some Years ago deceast,

Was with a Son, and with a Daughter blest;

Traumatius and *Astrea*, they were Named,

And for their Graces far and near were famed.

They both, as soon as Ripe for't, fell in Love:

But with cross Fate, for so it soon did prove:

He with *Alveria*, *Lilla's* Daughter here,

A Nymph for Constancy beyond compare;

She with that Youth, whom *Lilla* now did Name:

But, cause from a *Dipean* Race both came,

My Master was so much against it bent,

As to their Marriages he'd ne'r consent.

Eup. From whence arose to that same Race his Spleen?

Dam. From an inveterate Hate, that is between

Lyceans and *Dipeans*; For altho,

Both are *Arcadians*, both are Shepherds-too:

And, but by th' River *Aris* parted: Yet,

'Twixt *Troy* and *Greece*, the Fewd was not more gear,

Than that which 'twixt these neighbouring Shepherds is.

Eup. And is this Mortal Spleen of his

So sweet? For were't not so, he might have got

The Tittle of a better Patriot.

If he had with the Gods good Purpose joyn'd,

And by their Internuptials put an end

To that long Feud betwixt you.

Dam. I confess,

That I my self conceived no less;

And gave it my best Help upon that score:

Till Chance came in, and rendered (what before

Was hard) impossible. There chanced one Day,

'Twixt Us and the *Dipeans*, a fierce Fray;

In which *Traumatius* fell, and by that Youth

Philefides.

Lill. Suppose that it be Truth,

Does

The Constant Nymph.

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Does such a Chance claim from the Gods Above,
The Power t' Absolve her from her Oaths of Love.
And whilst *Philiides* is known to live,
To wed another, toleration give;
I think, tho he has done all he could do,
It will not be, fair Maid, so judged by you.

Eup. 'Twill not indeed. And truly I much grieve,
That such a fair Nymph as she is, should give
Such bad Example. O return with speed;
And whilst there's time allow'd for't, get her freed
From that sole Spot she bears. By which you'l prove
Your Faithfulness to Her, and Zeal for Love.

Dam. My Will's not wanting. Let the Gods but lead;
And I to follow them no Wings shall need. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Sylvanus.

Sylvan. This Day will bring me once again to Rest,
'Twill root that dangerous Canker from my Breast
Lay gnawing there so long. *Traumatius* dead!
And my *Africa* to *Astatius* Wed;
My Fear of mixing our *Lycean* Blood
with the *Dipean*, has its Period.

Enter Melibeus and Shepherds.

Melib. A happy Morning to the good *Sylvanus*;
Health and long Life, the kindest Gifts of Heav'n,
Attend him:

Astatius will this Morning make him happy.

Sylvan. *Astatius*! Where is he? Let him appear
Bright as the Morning-Star.

Mel. Himself's not here;
But has sent us, as by our Duties ty'd,
With our shrill Pipes, to call up his fair Bride.

Sylvan. And can your Fancies go so much astray,
As to conceit, that on her Wedding-Day,
A Maid needs calling up? Or your Pipes can,
(Tho they were shriller than the Pipes of *Pan*)
More lowly do't, than their own Longings can.
Then back fond Swains, bring him; 'Tis only he
Can make the acceptable Harmony. (*Exeunt Shepherds.*)

B 3

Enter

The Constant Nymph.

*Enter Demetrius, bringing in Lipomene, Cloris, Sylvia;
All with Willow Garlands.*

Sylvan. Fair Shepherdesses, you are welcome :
This Maiden-Office you so kindly do
To my Girl now, shall soon be done to you :
But why thus Garlanded with Willow ?
Some evil Omen in't, I greatly fear.

Lip. No more than in the Purple Kings do wear.
Mourning put on, do's but denote ills past ;
Of what's to come, it no Presage do's cast.
And tho their Hearts, who wear it, may regret,
It bodes not any ill to those that see't.

Sylvan. But who in Mourning come to Wedding Feasts,
Are much un-modish, and ill-suited Guests.

Lip. What other can these Willow-wreaths declare,
Than that we once were Loved, and now forsaken are :
And all of us by one.

Sylvan. Pray, Who was he ?

Lip. He who this Day, do's make the World to see
What mighty Power *Astrea's* Beauty has ;
That it can force him to be True, who was
So Faithless in his Love to us before ;
And Heav'n knows, to how many more :
For who in Love, from Truth but once does fall,
Takes Falshood up, that has no Bounds at all.

Sylvan. But oft false Glosses on the Tents are found ;
And possibly, fair Maids, you may Expound
That to be Love in him, which was in Truth,
But the Comport of Beauty, due from Youth :
And this is the right-stated Case twixt You
And Him. Confess.

Lip. So *Cloris*, is it so ?

Clor. Let him be Judge of that,
Who's pleas'd betwixt us so the Case to state.
This Braid of our mixt Hair he took and swore :
With that same fixt Resolve, said he,
I swear to You, swear you to to Me

The Constant Nymph.

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By all the Gods above, below,
(To whom we Fear or Worship owe)
I swear, said he ; I swear, said I,
And all Equivocations flye ;
That as our Hair's here, in a kind
Of Nuptial Knot together joyn'd ;
So are our Hearts, and so shall be
Till Death dissolve the Unity.

And then, for Seal to what was said,
He first, then I, did kiss the Braid.

Lip. You'll grant *Sylvanus* sure, here do's appear
No false Gloss on the Text — But *Sylvia* here.

Sylvan. No, there's no need: I've heard too much ;
I shall,

From this wrong'd Nymph, conclude him false to all.

But what is that, that you would have me do ?

Confine this vagrant Lover so to you,

That my *Astrea* never may be his.

You'd be too partial in requiring this:

Since for each other you can Willow wear,

Think't not too much to wear it too for her.

Lip. Scoff not *Sylvanus* at our Fate. The Gods

Have Ears to hear, and to chastise you, Rods.

Sir, You mistake, if you conceive, that we

Came to break off this Dayes Solemnity:

No ; but as Sea-men being sav'd from Wrack,

The raging Winds that threatned it, call'd back ;

As soon as they are Landed, make repair

Unto the Temple of their Tutelar,

And there for Life bestow'd, upon their Knees,

Hang up unto the Gods their Donaries:

So We, restored t'our Liberty agen,

Lost by our Vows to that most false of Men,

Are hither come, on these Tryumphant Gates,

Joyntly to hang our Willow Chaplets ;

That there Erected, they may stand to be

The Monuments of our Captivity.

And

The Constant Nymph.

And that *Astrea* 'twas, that set us free.

They hang up their Garlands.

Thus all our deep Resentments of his Scorn,
Are with our Wreaths put off; and we are come
On your fair Daughters Bridal to attend.

Sylvan. Then enter in Fair Nymphs, and kindly lend
The Bride your Beauties, to Adorne her Feast;
And let your Heads with fitter Wreaths be drest. (Exe-

unt Shepherdesses.

Dam. May I have leave to speak:

Sylvan. Be brief in't then:
My Mind is troubled.

Dam. But 'twould more have been,
Had you not had this warning to prevent it:
Wed not your Child where you will sure repent it.
False to those Nymphs: nere hope he'll be more true
In's Love to her, 'cause Marriage do's ensue:
For, will there be 'twixt Heart and Lips, less Odds,
When a Priest hears his Words, than when the Gods:
Who gives the Master a Respect so light,
Will more (you may presume) the Servant flight.

Sylvan. And who will wed her, if he wed her not:
The Wedding-Cloaths upon her back once got,
A Maids flesh straite takes teint:
Shall I a Match then for my Child refuse,
When I can never hope to have the like:
No, whil'st 'tis hot, the Marriage up I'll strike.

Dam. Think of his Contracts yet.

Sylvan. And Laugh at them,
To whom such Fopperies could Contracts seem.
From Matching of my Girle with him, ne're think
For a *Chimera* of broke Faith I'll shrink.
A Lover breaks no Faith, till Faith be made;
And no way he makes Faith, till Married.
All said or done before, 's but making Love;
And if not kept, creates but Mirth for Jove.
I'm fixt in't then, he shall *Astrea* Wed;
I'll be by Wit (not Superstition) led. (Exeunt.

Astrea

The Constant Nymph.

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Astrea is discover'd in her Bridal-Chamber.

A SONG, Sung in Parts.

*Come, come Aftatius, come away;
Love is affronted by thy stay:
Beauty it self too is Disgrac'd,
If Love move slowest at the last.*

*The Muses be do's stay to bring,
That they the Nuptial-Song may Sing:
And they, perhaps, are not yet dress'd,
As does become so great a Feast.*

Chorus. *Oh think him not so dimnly Ey'd:
The Muses all are in the Bride.*

*Come, come Aftatius, come away,
Hymen's affronted by thy stay:
For who t'his Marriage does not hast,
Loosens the Knot he should make fast.*

*The Graces he will bring, perchance,
That they may at the Wedding Dance:
And they, perhaps, make this delay,
To form the Figures on the way.*

Chorus. *Oh think him not so dimnly Ey'd!
The Graces all are in the Bride.*

The Scene closes.

Enter Aftatius and Clinias.

Clin. Then for her Humour, Mild as is the Dove,
No Tincture of the Gall in't; all runs Love.

Ast. Cease your fond Flattery, Fool, you cannot screw
It high enough, to reach *Astreas* Due.
Yet I remember too, when others were
As High as she, as Charming, and as Fair.

C

Clin.

The Constant Nymph.

Clin. And so do I: Yes, I remember, who
It was that call'd em Fair, and Charming too:
Nay, I can some Particulars repeat,
Which made each of 'em have Esteem so great.

O see in *Sylvias* Face so sweet an Air,
So truly pleasant, and as kind as fair.

How with their pretty Casts do *Cloris* Eyes,
Whilst they but seem to wanton, Hearts surprize?

How *Phyllis* Features match, more Lovely far,
Than do the Doves draw *Cythereas* Char.

How does *Lipomenes* Complexion show.

What Graces from Divine *Selinda* flow.

How *Eromenas* shape. —

Asl. Sirrah, No more.

Clin. I have scarce begun the Roll, and must give o're.

Asl. Hye you to *Ladens*, look you that I find
All things in order, as I have design'd.

Clin. Ne'r doubt to find all things to your content,
When you trust *Clinias* with the Management. *{ Exit*

Asl. The Rascal has my Humour to a Hair: *{ Clinias.*
I ne'r can come where Angell-Women are:

But in their Faces I enough espy,

To make me on, and off, as fast to fly.

For Love, me-thinks, like Water in the Street,

Corrupts when't stands; but when it runs, 'tis sweet.

'Tis in the making Love, Love's Pleasure lies;

When to the Quarry it once comes, it dies.

How nauseous do those Sweets, we're cloy'd with, grow?

The Shun-shine's pleasant for a Walk or too:

But, when that once to Travail in't we come,

It grows exceeding hot and troublesome.

Love, whilst 'tis making, is a Comedy,

For fine Intrigues, full of Variety.

But when that once to Marriage it descends,

In an old Country Dance it dully ends.

And why then do I Marry now? May he

Be hang'd can tell. But it has fared with me,

The Constant Nymph.

As with a Souldier, on the Breach so got,
That how he may, get off, he then sees not:
But setting then a good Face on't, he'll cry,
Tho his Heart trembles, Vict'ry, Victory;
As I *Astrea*, *Astrea*!

For when a fair Retreat is past our Skill,
'Tis brave to make Necessity our Will.

(*Exit.*)

ACT the SECOND.

Enter Ismenius and Evander.

Ism. **I** Wonder how you can hold out, and see
Alveria grieve to that Extremity.
She in the Vault, as in a Temple, dwells;
And to the Coffin, as a Shrine, she kneels:

She sighs, she weeps, so heavily takes on,
As if, like *Niobe*, she'd turn to Stone.
Come, give it over, Sir; How can you take
Delight to keep her Miseries awake.

Evand. Who knows, 'tis for his Health, must not forsake
His Course of Physick, tho prescribed he be,
What makes him sicker than a storm at Sea,
No Tear she sheds, but is a Corrasive
To my wrack'd Heart. Such Pains her Pains do give.
And not a sigh she breaths, but nips my Blood
Worse than the Eastern Wind an early bud.
But yet the End I suffer't for, is good.

Ism. That is
To persecute the Creature you adore.
No; torture her distracted Soul no more.

Evand. Dear Friend, you cannot search a Lovers Heart;
Then blame me not for this Mysterious Art.
By this Disguise, and by my seeming Death,
I'll have the noblest Tryall of her Faith,
That Lover ever made.

(*Exeunt.*)

The Constant Nymph.

The SCENE, a Vault, With a Coffin.
Alveria standing by it.

Alv. But why, *Alveria*, dost thou so mistake,
 To lay asleep whom thou should'st rather wake:
 Thy Sighs and Tears to Exclamations turn;
 They seem contented, who do only Mourn.
 Curse, curse the Fates! And with a Voice so lowd;
 As with its Thunder, it may rend the Shroud
 That wraps him up, and give him Power to rise!
 Make Death fly from him, frighted at my Cryes!
 And see what Magick Reigns but in that Thought!
 The Chest's already into Motion brought.
 I, I, it moves! and my dear Love's alive!
 Oh, to come forth to me, how he does strive!
 But do not bruise thy self, I'll help thee, dear;
 Desire to see thee, into Strength turns Fear.

[Endeavours to break open the Coffin.]

Beshrew their Hands that laid thee in so fast:
 But had the Cabinet been Steel, yet I
 Would make it like the Brittle Christal fly.
 And Thanks to Heaven, my Work is done. } *Breaks it*
 How like unto the Freshness of the Morn, } *open.*
 Or fragrant Wind, that's o're Mount *Hybla* born,
 Is this sweet Air comes now from him: But why
 Should any one with Wonder be possest,
 To find a *Phoenix* in a Spicy Nest.
Traumatius! Traumatius! What, Iye unmoved,
 When thy *Alveria*, thy once so Beloved
Alveria, calls! Oh, he in this does tell
 What's pretious does Iye close: Pearls in the Shell;
 And Diamonds in the Rock: Gems must be sought;
 And at what-ever Price, are Cheaply bought.

Ismenius and Evander, Enter at a Distance.

Ism. See with what Zeal she tends the sacred Dust!
 Was ever Love so True, or Faith so Just!

Alve-

*Alveria searches the Coffin ; But finds nothing in it, but
Sepulchral-Flowers, Lillies, Roses, Hyacinths, and
Boughs of Myrtle.*

Alv. Are my Hopes fled, and all my Joies with them ?
Here's no *Alveria* here ; I did but Dream.
Others resolve to Dust, I grant, 'cause they
Are but Compos'd of Nature's common Clay :
But he to Flowers, who was the Prime of all :
And now, to his first Being is dissolv'd.

*His Skin to Lillies ; But, Alas,
They scarce are white to what that was :
His Flesh to Roses ; But for Scent,
That farr in Sweetness those out-went.
His Blood to Hyacinths : But how
Richer in Purple then, than now.
And unto Myrtle Boughs, his Bones ;
But, Oh in due Proportions,
How short of them ! I, these are he.
And now again, as formerly,
In the soft Murmuring of Doves,
We'll mutually set forth our Loves.*

Evan. Oh an Impiety, that frights me more, { To Al-
Than if that *Neptune* had our Beach got o're ! } veria.
Or that the Wain-Beam of *Bootes* crackt.
What Sacrilegious Hand durst do this Act ?
Found you it thus ?

Alv. Peace Sirs, and leave this Place ;
Do not in Manners, so your selves disgrace.
To interrupt us Lovers, is unkind.

Evan. Oh, she's distracted, talks she knows not what !
Oh, that you knew what wrong
You've done your Lovers Shade ! that so, your Fau't.
Might have that just Repentance, that it ought :
Then mark you well what I shall now relate,
For it declares *Traumaticus* present State :

The Constant Nymph.

Slain in the Field, Rage in our Swains so rose,
 That to Revenge his Death upon their Foes,
 They left his Body where he fell, which ne'r
 Could from that Day be found, how sought so e'r.

Ism. For it was taken thence, as we surmize,
 By some one of our Rural Deities:

But that the Shade should not (as they all do,
 Who Funeral Rites do want) wander below;
 But be (as they who have them are) at Rest.

We those feign'd Honours to his Shade address,
 Which are Equivalent to the True.

Evan. But this their Prophanation, done by you,
 Will shake his Rest, and all their Power undo.

Alv. Were ever Priests so blind in Spirit as You?
 His Body's here, but to those Flowers turn'd,
 As that Boys was, whom *Venus* so much Mourn'd.
 The sole Rites then, now requisite to bring
 Rest to his Shade, is a Blood-Offering:

And with my Zeal, it does so much consist,
 To offer't to him, I will be the Priest.

(Exit.)

Ism. Did not Grief check't, how I could smile, that she,
 To cheat her self, should finelier forge than we.
 When at the Helme, deep Melancholly sits,
 What strange Conceits Man's Fancy then begets?

Evan. But, spake she not of offering Blood?

Ism. She did.

Evan. That Violence shall be by me withstood:

Let us, *Ismenius*, watch her then with Care,
 As would a Shepherd, when a Wolf is near
 His tender Lamb. A Life so pretious,
 As not our own can be so dear to us,
 Must not, Oh must not, so away be made,
 In the false Worship of a Lover's Shade.

(Exit.)

Enter Clinias.

Clin. I have heard some say, a dying Swan will sing!
 I doubt in that, they do but stretch a String:
 But be it nere so true, I'll not believe
 A Swan such Musick, as a Bull can give:

For

For when he bellows, Oh the thundering Note
He then sets forth! Just such as now my Throat;
In Honour of my Masters Wedding-day;
O Hymenae! Hymen! Oh Hymenae! (Exits Roaring.)

Enter Euplaste.

Emp. Whil't this Effeminate Disguise
Conceals th'unfortunate *Philisides*,
My Life is safe; but what I value higher,
My Love's undone. 'Tis true, I've leave to admire,
And gaze on fair *Affra*: But that's all;
Her Friendship, that poor empty Bliss, I gain:
Friendship's thin Food is a starving Lover's Pain!
And if I should in my own shape appear,
She'll hate me, as her Brother's Murderer.
Was ever poor unhappy Swain so cross:
Conceal'd or not conceal'd, both wayes I'm lost.
Then Gentle *Aris*, unto thee I come;
Thy Streams alone, can be my fittest Tomb:
And take thou up no Fear thy Streams thereby,
Shall any Curse receive or Infamy.
For Truth's grand parent Time, shall make it known,
The sad Fate of my Love a Legend grown.
The Streams that drown'd me, my own Sorrows were;
Thou kindly gav'st me but a Sepulcher.

Enter Clinias.

Clin. Oh Hymenae! Hymen! Hymenae!

Emp. What meanest thou, Villain, by this Fatal Cry:
Dye Schriech-owle with me too, if I must dye.

[Offers at him with her Favelin.]

Clin. Hold, dear *Diana*, kill not a poor Wretch,
'Cause he his Voyce did beyond *Ela* stretch:
Make an *Astreon* of him rather. Let
A Tire of Horns upon his Head be set:
He'll but be made a Property thereby,
Of much good use for the Solemnity,
That's Dedicated unto this Day's Feast;
So much a Wedding, and a Horned Beast,
Do suit, you know.

Emp.

Eup. Has any then to Day
Been Married here?

Clin. Not yet. But, Truth to say,
It has so happily been brought about,
The Pigg's not nearer, when his Eyes drop out,
T'his being Roasted, than my Master's now,
T'his being Married. Pray, unknit your Brow,
And be a Guest.

Eup. Your Master, What is he?

Clin. A Youth so lovely, as when him you see,
You'll yield *Endimion*, if compared with him,
Not worth one Look of yours, for Face or Limb:
His Name's *Astutus*; and he's here hard by;
I'll hence, and bring him to you, instantly. *[Goes out.]*

Eup. Not Married yet, he says; and what's not done,
It lyes in Fate to say, Shall ne're go on.
The Cup has been even in the Hand, and yet
The Wine within it, did the Lips nere wet:
It may befall this Swain so, with his Bride;
Nay, that it will, 'tis certainly imply'd
In my Reprieve. Yet, take it right, and I
Live but his Life, who stands condemn'd to dye. *[Exit.]*

The SCENE, The Bride-Chamber.

Enter Astrea, Lipomene, Cloris, Sylvia, &c.

Lip. 'Tis wondrous strange, the Bridegroom should thus

Astr. I would to *Pan*, that he would keep away, *[stay.]*
Till he displeased me with't: But what would you,
If serv'd as I am, to your Bridgrooms do?

Lip. I'd be reveng'd on him.

Clor. And so would I.

Sylv. What Maid but would, 'tis an Affront so high

Astr. I value not his setting me so light;
But as he scandals all our whole Sex by'r,
I feel my Cholar rise; and for your sake,
Teach me but how, and I Revenge will take.

Lip.

Lip. Why, I would have you let him lye first Night Alone, and eat up both the Sheets for spight.

Clor. That were a Pennance on her self to lay. No; Bed with him: But when we're all away, And he attempts to do the Marriage-Rite, Whil'st Modesty can choak it, scratch and bite.

Sylw. And for my part——
But see who here are come
To make the Bridegroom's stay less tyresome!

Musick plays, and a Dance; which ended, Exeunt.

Enter Euplaste, Astatius making up to her.

Eup. But see my happy Rival comes, and wears All Marks of Joy! How pleasant he appears? And when a Sacrifice comes uncompell'd, It alway has a good Presage been held.

'Tis then but this—— [*Makes a show of Stabbing.*]
——and this Dayes Fear has end:

Then Love be to thy Votary, a Friend;
And what I ought to do, do thou inspire;
Direct the Flame of thy own kindled Fire.

Enter Clinias.

[*Steps aside.*]

Ast. Diana?

Clin. Yes.

Ast. How knowest thou it was she?
Didst thou upon her Head, her Crescent see,
Bow in her Hand, and Quiver at her Back?

Clin. As if the Gods, like Pedlars, bore their Packs Still on their Shoulders! No, the Place did prove 'Twas she; I found her in *Diana's Grove*. And give me leave to tell you, she as owner, Swagger'd, and took most mightily upon her. But if you dare engage in the like Storm, If she or not, you may your self inform.

[*Astatius discovers Euplaste.*]

Ast. You may be gone, and leave me.

Clin. May I for?
To what a Tyde makes he my Fears to flow?

D

He'll

He'll fall in Love with this same Goddess now;
But then, O then, our very Bride Cake's Dough!

Asl. Complexion good, and truly that is all:
Whence then are these Attracts, which now I feel?
Why? whence but from that Tyrant o're my Will,
Variety? There's something in that Face,
Which seems to me of a more taking Grace,
Than e're in Women I before did see:

A Touch o'th'Boy, which renders her to me
As pritty as the young *Narcissus* was.

But, did she her whole Sex as far surpass
For Face and Shape, as does the Sun the Stars
For Light and Heat, nor Face nor Shape of hers,
Would to attract my Love, the Load-stone be,
But only this, She's not yet won by me.

To *Emp.* Thou, who of all thy Sex, the fairest art,
Be the most Courteous too. Oh, do not start;
It is no Satyre speakes to thee: But one,
Though the most Heart-burnt you e're shone upon;
Does yet retain as pure and clear, the Flame,
As are those sacred Eyes from whence it came.

Emp. My Eyes so smite? I then may spare my hands, } *Aside*
He's dead enough who at my Mercy stands.

Asl. Let not my Words for their Rough Dialect,
Be held unworthy of that fair Respect,
They might hope from a Brow more clear—

Emp. I understand not, Shepherd, what you say:
But know that Duty well, I'm bound to pay
To Maiden-Modesty: Then pray begon,
And leave me as you found me, here alone.

Asl. Wrong not the Genius of this Place, fair Maid,
Who in the Channels of our Veins has laid
A blood so pure, that in *Diana's* Grove,
Here we may Court with chaste and harmless Love.

Emp. And Swains may the same Day they Marry on,
Court a new Face, and be reprov'd by none.

Asl. I think they may: For 'tis enough that we,
When we are Married, lose that Liberty.

The Constant Nymph.

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To make Men Slaves, what Tyrant e're begun,
Before his Empire's absolutely won.
But why's this said to me?

Eup. Because, by some
I have been told, this Day you Marry.

Ast Whom?

Eup. *Astrea*?

Ast. True, such an intent I had,
But to accomplish it, I'm now forbid.
The very Hopes of You, I do prefer,
Before th'Assurance of possessing her.

Eup. How can I stay to hear such Perjury. *(Exit.*

Ast. When Love pursues you, 'tis in vain to flye. *[Exit*
after her.

Enter Sylvanus and Clinias.

Sylvan. Wooing the Moon!

Clin. Yes, so I say, the Moon!

Diana, and the Moon, they say, 's all one.

Sylvan. What is't you say? Is he, or art thou, Mad?

Clin. How can I lose those Wits I never had?

But come along with me, and use your Art,
To make this Lunatique with's Moon to part:
Your Daughter else, for I ought I can perceive,
May to her Wedding-Day, keep a long Eve.

Sylvan. It is no idle Fear he puts me in:
This, this the Willow-Wreaths, fore-told *(Exeunt.*

Enter Alveria.

Alv. Thro that thick Cloud of Grief, that hindred me,
Now the black Scene, in its full Face I see:
I Dreamt, as I i'th' Vault did sit and sing
By my *Traumatius* side, a Wolfe rusht in,
Where-at, affrighted, I shriek'd out, and cryed,
Help me *Traumatius*! He to me replyed,
(In a hoarse Voyce, and hollow) Help thou me?
And with that Knife, stick thou the Wolfe i'th' Breast:
And I, at his Command, strait stuck the Beast;
Which, being done, he presently me-thought,
Into his Arms, his dear *Alveria* caught:

D 2

And

And we reduced into a State far more
Happy and Joyful, than 'twas ere before.

Enter Ismenius, with a Garland of Flowers, and Evander.

Ism. Sweetest *Alveria*, we are come to prove,
Whether *Traumatius*, or your Self, you love.

Alv. A Test of that, *I* think, there shall not need;
I love 'em both, but thus distinguished:

Him, for himself; but for my self, not Me;

The only Cause *I* love 'em both, is, He.

Evand. If it be so, your own Will you'll lay down,
And take up his.

Alv. They ever have been one.

Ism. That shall be tryed: He late to us appear'd;
We at the sight fell down: But he strait reard
Us up again, and bad us hast to You;
And charge you on your Love to him, if true,
To lay your Wreath of Yew and Cypress by;
And put on this.

Evan. He did; that he might have thereby, a Signe;
You will no longer make his Shade to pine:
For even *Elysium*, where he is, you turn
Into an *Acheron*, whilst thus you mourn.

Alv. But, Did he tell you, by what Means *I* might
Cast off my Sorrow, and give him Delight?

Ism. Yes, by obeying Nature's Will.

Alv. Why, so
I truly do, altho' not seen by you:
I have my Treats, Diversions, and what not,
That may for Beauties sake, or Loves, be got:
For *I* enjoy all Pleasure Maids e're sought,
When *I*, with my Dear shade, am in the Vault.

Evan. Fye, such illusive Fancy, you no more
Must give way to: But, from a Youth we'll bring,
Receive of Love, a reall Offering.

Ism. For that was Nature's end, when she did place
Such winning Beauties in that Charming Face:
Delay not then, her *Edict* to fulfill;
Gold if unused, as good i'th' Mine lay still.

Alv.

Alv. Oh, what a Poyson do these Words convey
Into the Air! 'Twould kill me in't to stay:
No; to the Holy Fount I'll fly; and there
Wash out the Filth, my Ears have took in here;
And soyl'd me with. Oh, that a Maid should be
Thought false to Love, and *I* (poor *I*) be she! (*Exit.*)

Ism. You've prov'd her Constancy, and now leave off
This Cruelty.

Evan. No: The Plot's not Ripe enough.
They who (like me) would with rich Treasures shine,
Cannot enough explore the Sacred Mine. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT the THIRD.

*Astadius and Euplaste, Courting; and Sylvanus
and Clinias, over-hearing.*

Clin. **S**EE there, old Sir, the Vermine in the Trap!
And now, be it your Fault, if they escape.
Ile leave 'em to your Care, and get me gone.

Sylvan. Aye *Clinias*, leave me, thou enough
(hast done. [*Exit Clinias.*])

Eup. 'Twould be indecent, urge it not, I pray:
Make the first Day we meet, our Wedding-Day!

Ast. Why not? Deserves it Blame, or rather Praise,
To take our Happiness the nearest wayes?
Who'll not our Providence and Speed commend,
If in one Day, we our whole Harvest end?
Lets be Contracted then——

Eup. Contracted? Fye.
Have you my Faith in any Jealousie?
Who doubts anothers, shews he doubts his own.

Ast. Of my own Faith, there can no doubt arise:
For, How can that be loose, your Beauty tyes:

The Constant Nymph.

And, e're I can make doubt of Faith in you,
 I must believe a Contradiction true;
 That what is Perfect, may be false: No, I
 Do crave it only in pure Policy:
 That should Disputes arise, *Astrea* may
 Know to what Saint, I my Devotion pay.

Eup. That powerful Argument, too strong I find. *[Gives him her Hand.]*

Ast. What easie yielding Things are Woman-kind!
 I'll hence and fetch a Priest. 'Twill suit so well
 To seal our Loves, where first in Love we fell. *(Exit.)*

Sylvan. And, shall I stay to be a Witness to
 What will my Work for ever quite undo?
 And, what would Patience her self provoke
 to Wrath, even then when brought to the last stroke?
 No; I will hence, and hither those dispatch,
 Shall break this impious, irreligious Match. *(Exit.)*

Eup. Chance governs All. 'Tis the Event alone,
 'Twixt Fool and Wife, makes the Distinction.
 Thus far this borrow'd Habit has done well.
 Let Love and Fortune be but pleas'd to run
 As smoothly on, as they have now begun;
 And on thy Altar, Fortune, I will throw
 Handfulls of Incense; and, Love, kifs thy Bow. *(Exit.)*

Enter Astatius and Evander.

Evan. Her Beauty, sure, *Astrea's* not excels:
 What is it then, this Change in you compells?

Ast. *Astrea's* Fair, I grant; But you shall find
 This Nymph so very witty, charming, kind.
 But t'ask the Reason of my Change,
 Is but an idle Curiosity:

When many Dishes are before us set,
 What guides the Hand to choose, but Appetite.

Evan. But do not Act that Crime, will make you be
 The Scoff of the whole World: This, this is he
 Did on his Wedding-day, his Bride forsake,
 And t' a new Face, another Contract make!

Ast.

Ast. 'Tis very well: Altho some may perchance,
Whose Souls are over-spread with Ignorance.
Dare you who are a Priest, to scoff at me
For my Obedience, to the Gods decree.
My VVill to Marry, was by theirs opposed.

Evan. Suppose it was, how was't to you disclosed?
For if from what you've done, we gather it,
The horridst Crimes what ever Men commit,
May be said done by Heav'ns Command.

Ast. No, no:
Their VVill was shown to me, as 'tis to you.
VVhen you in Sacrifice, a Beast do slay;
VVhich open'd, if you find the Heart's away,
You instantly, 'tis the God's VVill declare;
VVhat you resolv'd to do, you should forbear.
And do they will, think ye, we should go on
In our set Marriage, when the Heart is gone?
The want of which, no doubt, bodes as ill here,
As in the Sacrifice which you prepare.

Evan. You care not then, how you defame your Love.

Ast. Not I: VVhat Reason fixes, VVords ne're move.
'Tis in the VVife alone, it lies to prove
Whether the Man does well or ill in's Love.
What matters it t'have Light or Constant been,
When we are happy, or unhappy Men.

Evan. What hope shall that poor Maid you Marry, take,
That this Inconstancy you'll then forsake?

Ast. Inconstancy! Oh, do not call it so!
One Constant to Love you nere did know.
Out of my Heart the Fire has never been,
Whil'st I could cherish it, and keep it in.
As *Vestas* sacred Fire is still the same,
Tho with fresh Fuel her Priests maintain the Flame:
So do's my Love abide the Same, tho I
To keep it up, do to new Faces fly:
For Beauty is Loves Food, which fresh must be;
He's nice, and will be treated with Variety.

Evan.

The Constant Nymph.

Evap. No; upon Love that's true, such Power there waits,
 It to the same infinity, Creates
 Both Flame and Fewel for't: It makes the Feast
 As boundless, as the Appetite i'th' Guest.
 To him who truly Loves (as it is said,
Prometheus Liver to the Eagle did)
 Her Beauty grows he Loves, whil'st 'tis enjoy'd;
 So little's boundless Happiness destroy'd.

Enter Clinias.

Ast. Where have you been? At *Ladens* you were not.

Clin. No Question, but he has some Notice got
 I have been at *Sylvanuss*: Then Wit
 Up, and invent, what may so colour it:
 He can have no Mistrust, what I did there. } *Aside.*

Ast. Why speak you not? want you a Tongue or Ear?

Clin. Neither. But I am loath to say— And yet
 I think you will not care, nor value it.
 But, Oh the Hastiness, that's in Old Men!

Ast. Cease your Preambles, and be brief.

Clin. Why then,
 Be pleas'd to know, your making so small hast
 To wed his Daughter, old *Sylvannus* cast
 In such a Rage, as desperately he swore
 He'd for her Husband, think of you no more:
 And yet, this very Day, she should have one:
 And to be him, who should she pitch upon,
 But that Lout *Thyrfs*? whom he soon drew in,
 To finish the same VVork you did begin.
 And, Oh how over-joy'd is that great Oase!
 I met the Shepherds going to the Feast;
 And went along, to have my share o'th' Jest.

Ast. Jest, do you call't! 'Tis such a Jest, as I
 VVill quickly marr.

Clin. VVhat will betide my Lye?

Ast. *Thyrfs Astrea* VVed! For Beauty known
 To be *Arcadia's*, nay, the whole VVorlds Paragon:

(*Aside.*)

And

The Constant Nymph.

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And, when with our *Lycean* Maids she joynes
In Company, *Diana's* Self outshines;
When with her Nymphs she Baths, or Hunts the Deer,
Nay, when she Shines at Full in her own Sphear.
Oh, how that but one Poet has turn'd the Vane,
And set it in its former Point again!
Marryed to *Thyrsis*, shall *Astrea* be!
Andromeda to th' Monster of the Sea?
Thy *Perseus* comes, fair Maid: He has no need
Of *Pegasus*, who has Love's Wings for speed. [Runs out,
singing] Ble after him— But 'tis for my behoof,
As the Case now do's stand, to keep aloof. [Exit.

Evan. The Face of Faithless Love, if he would hit,
A Painter need but have *Astrea's* fit.
But to *Astrea* I'll so tell this Tale,
As to Regain her, all his Arts shall faile. [Exit.

Enter Sylvanus and Astrea.

Astr. How? quit me for another?

Sylvan. 'Tis most true:
I had th' Intelligence from my own View.
And, guess you who it is, he quits you for;
Even your own Feminine Idolater,
The Stranger Shepherdess.

Astr. Oh then, 'tis plainly seen,
Tho kept so close by her, whence it arose,
That she our Marriage did so much oppose.
How easily we, unawares, may take
Into our Bosoms, the Perfidious Snake.

Enter Evander.

Evan. Fair Shepherdess, the Height of Zeal I bear
Your Happiness, craves now your private Ear. [Exeunt
Astrea and Evander.

A Noyse of Shepherds Within.

Enter Melibeus and Shepherds.

Mel. Away, away! He's mad! he's mad!

Sylvan. Who's Mad?
And what's the Abuse you in my House have had,

E

You

The Constant Nymph

You fly thus out of it, and I am left here when I am

Mel. Why? to be brief, *Myself* is Mad! call'd *Thyrsis* Thief

And swore, to Hell he'd send his despicable Soul;

Unless he first return'd the Nymph he stole.

Nothing we said, or did, could make him cease:

His Violence, and restore his banisht Peace.

But see, he comes! he comes! Away, away!

Here will be Work for Surgeons, if we stay.

Enter Affacius.

Sylvan. What means this Out-rage, you do here commit?

Aff. Why do you ask, Who are the Cause of it?

Could one Hours stay of mine, by you be thought?

That heinous and unpardonable Fault,

As you could sett all Bonds to me aside,

And give to *Thyrsis* my Contracted Bride?

Repent your fowl Intent; and whilst you may,

Purge (by restoring her) your Crime away.

Your Daughter is, before the Gods, my Wife—

Restore her, or—

Enter Affacius, who feeling

Affacius, offers to go back.

—Oh stay my dearest Life!

Sylvan. This is as dark as Oracle; but the way

To make all Friends, is, not one Word to say:

But to the Difference to put an end.

Be therefore all as 'twas. Let us try to bend

Affacius. Will, and sure the Works not fore,

To break the Ice, that has been broke before.

Aff. That I Renounced you, and another Maid

Would have Contracted with you?

Aff. It was

Aff. And who could tell you so?

Aff. Even one

To whom 'twas your own Tongue that made

The Priest Bound.

Aff. Priest? and not forbear

To blab out what's Entrusted to his Ear?

The Gods send Sinners to outlast that Tongue,
Could in so high a sort my Virtue wrong;
But be't confess; and at your Choyce, if I
Shall have your Pardon, or your Doom to dye.

Asir. Strike home, *Aspirus*, and by that brave Deed
From all the Dirt that lies on you, be freed.
My Beauty make, for Cruelty, Renound,
And your Heroick Act; Fame's Trump shall sound.

Asi. And, shall it be?

Asir. Make haste; dye, dye, for shame!

Asi. No, for this once I'll live, to save your Fame.
'Tis true, I would have dyed; but was afraid
Pyramus and *Thisbe*, would in us be play'd.

Tho my own Life I little do regard;
Yet as it holds yours in it, it must be saved.

Asir. Such Signe of Love, what Lover did ere give
For my dear sake, *Aspirus* will live.

Asi. Come, throw me all these idle Tales away,
And let's be serious. Tell me now, I pray,
Which of you is your Father's? For, he gave
What's his to me; and, so much I will have.

Asir. Fond Man, take better heed: There are, 'tis true,
Baits that are sure to take; but they end us
What's taken by them, with a Tail to bay,
As 'twere far better it had ne're been hid,
And know for timely Truth, in getting me,
What you use now, has the same Property.

A Father's Will (which must needs be with stood)
May make a Wife, but cannot make her Good.

Asi. Nor would I that it should; or her own Love
'Twould such a lessening to my Glory prove.
To cut in Glass, or form in Clay, exactly
Small Skill; and to the Artist, it attracts
As little Fame: 'Tis with the Husband so,
His Art and Fame, are equally as low,
Who makes a Wife prove kind, whose Heart before
Love softend to the Wax, or Ductile Ore.

No; my *Africa*, harden thine to *Flint*,
 Or get the Hardness of the Diamond in't;
 That by my most entire Observances,
 And constant Movings, to what-e're shall please
 Thy Will, or Fancy, I may smooth, Engrave,
 And Figure thee; untill at last, I have
 The noblest Statue, and most permanent
 Of Love, ere was; or With could ere invent.
 This is high Art, and will get Praise as high:
 To that Mark then, shall my Ambition fly. (*Exit Africa.*)

Enter Sylvanus.

Sylvan. And how?

Asf. Far better than we could devise.
 Holds off! She'd be enjoy'd by a Surprise.
 Our Neighbour *Spartans* make their Marriages
 A kind of Rape. The Blustrings in't to please.
 A tame Encounter, argues little Flame;
 And willingness to Loose, but dulls the Game.
 Th' Approach to common Fields, is easie made;
 But he that would th' *Hesperides* invade,
 He must have Fighting with a Dragon.

Sylvan. Right.

No *Greeks*, so bravely as the *Spartans*, Fight.
 And if that we *Argadians* should, like them,
 Vanquish our Brides, we might (perhaps) Redeem
 Our Nation's Honour.

Asf. Spoke like a God! And let *Acadia* see
 This great Change wrought, first, in your Family.
 I'll fetch a Priest; and, if such Thrift you like,
 Amongst our Selves, our Marriage up we'll strike.
 For Feasting, and the like Formalities,
 Do but retard the Reaping of our Loves.

Sylvan. By *Ran*, and so they do: Thou'rt in the Right,
 Like a long March, they stir who are to Fight.
 Go then, and fetch a Priest.

The

The SCENE. The Vault. *Alveria weeping to it.*

Alv. Co now my Flocks, and at your Will,
Betake you to the Pool, or Hill,
For since, Alas, I could not keep
My Shepherd, Why should I my Sheep?
Ile weep and sigh, and pine away,
If Night won't come, make Night of Day,
For, What have I to do with Light,
When nought is left me worth my sight?
All Fair, all Good, ere counted on,
Lay in my Love, and He is gon!

Enter Dametas, with a Basket of Fruit.

Dam. Whil'st she this Right to her dead Lover payes,
She such a Fascination on me layes,
I could here stand, and tho' the Winds blew loud,
And all the Skies were wrapt up in a Cloud,
Be no more mov'd there-at, than if it were
A Halcyon-Day, for one more calm and clear.
But to my Errand—

—Thou who may'st Redeem
Thy whole Sex from that ill-bred disease,
Lightness, to some cast me, Take no Offence
That I approach thy Cell. 'Tis not pretence
Of Zeal, but Truth, that brings me here.

Alv. Is't You?
Dametas! Oh, come in, and take a view
Of Sorrow's Harbour! For 'tis here it dwells,
And all but what belongs to it, expells.
Thou weep'st, and thou dost shame me int, that I
Whose Loss in him, does thine so much out-vy,
Should'st do but as thou dost.

Dam. But fairest Maid,
For some short space, let Grief aside be laid;

30 The Constant Nymph.

And tast this Dish of Fruit, I here present,
Wait you a Minute? Here's one is Humbly sent.

Alv. O Heaven! 'tis the same Knife which I did seem
To stick the Woolf with; in my late late Dream.
Bestow't on me.

Dam. With all my Heart.

Alv. What you would say, and what I think,
I easily can guess. But think, I pray,
And you'll no more discomfite my Intent.
Would I so many Labours have underwent
As I have done, since my true Love's Fall;
When one had serv'd I have freed me from 'em All.

Alv. Alveria's Vertue dares not A that Crime:
I dare not touch this Life that's dear to mine.
No, tho unhappy, She has whiter Hands.

The Consecrated Oak techeth Hands.

Dam. Then 'tis your own That was my Fear had I
And I much joy, that from that Fear I'm freed.
And now my Care to happily is done
I give you back to your Devotion.

Alv. The Steam of Sacrificed Blood 'tis fed
Is that alone, where-with all Spirits are fed.
Oh, be thou then to serve Transmuted in,
For my dear Spirits Food, the Instrument.
The Priest, the Altar, and the Knife prepar'd,
Oh, do no longer then but Zeal retard;
Thou know'st the only requisite we need,
Then bring, blest Shade, the Sacrifice, and Feed.

Alv. Oh, come in, and take a view
Of sorrow's Harbour! For 'tis here it dwells,
And all but what belongs to it, expels.
Thou weep'st, and thou dost blame me in it, that
Whole loss in mine, does mine so much out-vay.
Shouldst thou but as thou dost.
Dum. But first Maid,
For some short space, let Grief aside be laid;

ACT the FOURTH.

Enter Euplaste.

Eup. IN all Post-chaff, *Astutus* flew away
To fetch a Priest, and yet how long can stay,
Before he brings him. Swift as from the Bow
The Arrow went, and not the Snayle so slow
In coming back.

Enter Clinias, singing.

The Goffe, and the Capon,

The Calves Head and Bacon,

Are ready, are ready,

To be set on the Table.

(Exit) But if this good Will shall

Can be made his Will,

There's something, there's something,

Draws more than a Cable.

(Exit) When in the Words I hear, I am undone.

Eup. Where is your Master?

Alis. He's *Diana*.

I would she'd keep her once in her own Sphere.

It bodes us no good Luck to find her here. *(Aside.)*

Eup. Why speak you not? Study you for a Lye.

Clin. Oh no, sweet Goddess! True as Steel am I.

But some-what flow of Speech before my Butters.

Wild Colts, you know, are to be put in Fetters.

And such my Master is, and therefore, I go

To fetch a Priest, to put his Fetters on.

Eup. And why not brings one then.

Clin. Whither?

Eup. Hither.

Alis. Hither! — Ha, ha! — We are like to have a nger

(Weather.)

When as the Moon her self, is Lunatique.

Eup. What Laugh you at?

Clin. Pray be not Cholerique.

This is your Grove, or I mistake it;
But sure *Sylvanus* House you cannot make it;
Nor you *Astrea*.

Eup. Ha! These Words do sound
Too fatally. But I will know the Ground.
What do you mean, Friend, by your saying so?
Clin. No more than times, indeed, that you should know it
Is that you are my boy's good Sponsor;
Do you think me such Fool, to tell you then
Sylvanus and my Master's Reconcil'd;
And now he'll give him his dear Darling Child.

Astutus is but gone to fetch a Priest:
This I could tell, and more too, if I list;
But out of me, pray get it if you can.
There's a Bone for her to pick, — Well, for a Man;
If that my Master should search Greece all over,
The like for Secrecy, he'll nere discover. (Exit.

Eup. Whether the Fool or I have spoke what he said,
Or he as either, may be credited;
Are Problems, not to be disputed on;
When in the Words I hear, I am undone. (Exit.

Alveria Runs over the Stage, and *Astutus* after her.

Eup. Oh! I have lost, quite lost, the sight of her.
Curse on my Legs, for being no speedier!

Ho! *Clinias*! Enter *Clinias*.

Clin. I am here, Master, I am here.

Ast. Run, *Clinias*, who?

VVhat? stand'st thou still, when thou art bid begone?

Clin. But whither, and for what?

Ast. To every Place, no againd son you bring one.
Till thou hast found her out, for my Embassy.

Eup. VVho? *Astrea*?

Ast. No.

Clin.

Clin. Diana?

Asf. Neither.

Their Beauties strokes (Alas!) scarce broke the Skin:
But I just now have such a Beauty seen,
As thro and thro, has pierced my very Heart.

Clin. Where does he come, but he does meet this Dart?
Pan bless us! These are dang'rous Wounds indeed! —
What thro and thro? where is it that you bleed?

Asf. My Heart.

Clin. It is a kind of an invisable Gore —
If she wounds so, I'd nere come near her more.

Asf. Not near her more! How idly thou dost prate?
Thou too ill know'st of Beauties wounds, the State,
Her self's the Balm for th'Wounds her Beauty made;
Nor can their Rage, but by that Balm, be laid.

Clin. I th' Name of *Pan*, Who is she then, I pray?

Asf. Who but th'incomparable *Alveria*?

Clin. Good *Cupid*, in his way some other send:
Of these Incomparables, there's no end.
For this is not the first, by a whole score:
A Score, said I? I, Twenty times told o're!

Asf. For since her Love, *Traumatins*, dyed, Oh how
Her Beauty is shot forth, and strikes me now!
Beauty and Sadness, in such pretty Strife,
Like Light and Shadow, have so-drawn to th' Life,
The taking Face in hers.

Clin. You did not then
Your Errand to the Priests?

Asf. Whilst she was seen
With them, what Errand had I, or could have,
But to Eye her, and take the Wounds she gave?
And whilst I did, What angry Looks the Priest
Evander cast?

Clin. But did your Love to nothing else provoke
Than Looks and Thoughts? Did you not speak to her?
Mute Gazings, tho much Love, small Wit infer.

Asf. O there you touch me in the tend'rest Part:
'Twas that, with Bliss, asunder tore my Heart.

The Constant Nymph.

Such Freedom had I on her Face to gaze,
 And sweetly loose my self in that dear maze,
 But I, out of my Lips could scarcely get
 Fairest *Alveria*; but as if she had met
 A *Theset* there, and should be Ravish't too;
 Like *Daphne* from *Apello*, strait she flew.

Clia. But whither flew?

Asl. As if that known to me,
 I'd stand thus idly prating here with thee.
 Perhaps, she has hid herself within the Vau'r:
 Run thou, and see what Truth is in that Thought;
 And bring me VVord, you'll find me at her Mothers.

Clia. I would this Love were hang'd, it makes such Po-
 (thers. *Exit*.)

Asl. For 'tis so true, as 'tis a Maxime grown,
 The Mother made, the Daughter's half our own:
 Mothers are such Dequoy. (*Exit*.)

Enter Lilla and Euplaste.

Lill. Take Heart; for when I put you in that Dress,
 I did not mean your Spirit should grow less.

Eup. I grant, much Favour she on me confer'd;
 But 'twas not as I am, but as appear'd.
 For I but once *Philisides* did name,
 And with such Terrour to her Ears it came,
 As she did tremble more than ere you have
 Beheld the Sun's Face on the dancing Wave.
 And then she wept; which made me strait give o're,
 What ere I had to say of him before.
 For, who could suffer such a Rain to last,
 Which from my Heart, drew drops of Blood as fast.

Enter Astatius.

Lill. Hold, there he is—I'll not be seen—Do you
 What Love and Intrest shall invite you to. (*Exit Lilla*.)

Eup. Oh you have kept your Promise well—You are—

Asl. I'll word it for you, you your Breath may spare.
 I am

Fickle;

Fickle, Disloyal; far more false than be
The Smiles of old grown Tyrants, or the Sea;
When with its smoothest Brow it Courts to Death.
My Oaths and Vows of Love, with the same breath
Brought forth, and blown away. The time so one,
And indistinct, in which they both are done.
Nature did make me such; blame Her, not Me.

Eup. Yet there's a Shepherdess, I hear,
Has by her Beauty got so great a Pow'r,
That ore your Nature, she's a Conquerour.

Asl. And, who is she?

Eup. *Astrea.*

Asl. Yes; I yeild,

As yours did once, her Beauty took the Field;
And skirmisht with it, for some little while:
But nere of Conqueror could bear the Stile:
That was reserved, as far more Great, for hers
To whose your Beauties were but Harbingers.
Astrea's Charms have Pow'r to fix my Soul!
That any one should think me such a Fool!
Her Beauty would I knew, but where it lyes?

'Tis true,

She has something pretty well about her Eyes.
Her Shape too it may pass: Her Ayre appears
Not very dull: And then, that Face of her's
Has here and there, a tollerable Feature.

But for a Wife, Heav'n bless the poor fond Creature!

Eup. Confusion blast that Tongue.

[*Aside.*]

Asl. I must confesse,

I Courted her, and I could do no less.

The Reverend Fool, her Father, drew me in.

And in my Temper, I have alwayes been

So Complaysant, that what ere Face I've seen,

I still have had some wanton things to say.

I threw an Amorous Look or two away:

We Courtiers must be showing of our Parts.

But to believe, her Eyes can Conquer Hearts——

There's no such thing in Nature——But——

Is *Lilla* pray at Home.

F a

Eup.

Eup. Not now at Home;

But that one so ingenious may not come
In vain to speak with her; if you but please
To walk a while under these Sycamore Trees,
I'll seek her out; and be the Messenger
To bring her to you, or fetch you to her.

As. You much oblige me, fair One, (flame.)

Eup. What Breast could more assuage? what more in-
Than that which from his Mouth in one blast came?

Astrea freed! What Note could sweeter sound?
Her Beauty slighted! What could more confound?
Such Language would a Gaulless-Saint intrude,
And fire the very Veins of freezing-Age.

If this Affront be not Revenged by Me,
I show that I deserve her less than He:
I'll punish then this Blasphemy, or dye.
And if wrong'd Saint, to that Extream I fly,
That my Devotion my Destruction draws,
I bravely perish in a noble Cause. (Exit.)

As. Had I *Astrea* never Woo'd nor VVon,
How fiercely on her could my Love still run?
But the right Spaniel does delight to get
The Wild-Duck for Games sake, and not to Eat:
And, 'tis so with my Love; It likes to chace,
But not to board it self on any Face.
Let the Wind blow from what ere Point it will,
It sets a Going, and still Turns the Mill.
So Beauty does move me, when ere I see'r;
Nay, oftentimes, where I no Beauty meet,
Humour's sufficient to take me. The sad,
Blith, and compos'd, my Love alike have had.
Thus like a Shaddow on a Dyall's-Plate,
My Love is alwayes in a moving State.
Oh, how she melts her Beauty, as the Sun
Do's melt the Snow, who do's from Coolness run
To such a Warmth, as to give Love: For then,
Like Evening-Mists, all her Defects begin

Aside.

To

To shew themselves; Which we so hot before:
I'th' Chace, had not the leizure to explore:
Whil'st in the Fields, they are, Dayzies look well;
But in our Hands, How noysomly they swell?

Enter Melibeus and Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

What's here? by Heav'n, the very Animals,
That are to Celebrate my Nuptials.
Now shall we have some Songs, or Dance, at least,
For th' Entertainment to this Bridal-Feast.
Marry *Affra*! Alas! Poor silly Sots!
They little think, that I have wiser Plots.
To interrupt their Pastime, would be rude:
No; I'll retire, and hear their Interlude. [*Abscends.*]

Mel. Well, since the Marriage is so nigh,
Upon this Plain our Skills we'll try.
T'our Reputations we must have regard;
And, 'twere ill manner'd, to come unprepar'd.

*A Symphony of Pipes, and a Dance; which ended,
Exit Shepherds and Shepherdesses; and Re-Enter Astatius.*

Enter to him, Euplaste in her own Shape, with two Swords.

Eup. Your Patience *Lilla* for a while do's crave:
And tell she comes, she for you Pastime gave
These Swords into my Hands, for you to view.
Pray look, and tell me, which seems best to you?

Ast. *Philisides*!

Eup. The same.

Ast. I'm all Surprise!

Is my Fair *Amazon* transform'd to this!
This Object do's so much Amazement strike!

Eup. Lay by your Wonder, say which Sword you like?

Asf. If there be odds, this has it. *[Takes one.]*

Eup. 'Tis but fit

It should: Such Odds upon the Cause do's fit,
I'm to maintain. Betake you to your Guard.

Asf. How Sir?

Eup. Is Death a thing, that will digest so hard!
You will not Fight?

Asf. Not with *Philisides*.

Eup. Think on your Insolence, your Blasphemies,
Against the Fair *Astrea*.

Asf. Wondrous Faults!

Where lyes the Blasphemy to speak my Thoughts?
Because

You think her Heav'nly Fair, must I do so?

By Heav'ns, my plain-frank Soul nere stoops so low,

To flatter what I cannot like,

To Idolize a Face, pay'r Offerings,

And make Divinities of poor Mortal Things.

Eup. Oh Heav'ns! he dares maintain his Insolence
Against that sacred charming Excellence.

An Excellence so pure, a Form so fair,

That *Jove* might quit his Throne, & inhabit there.

Asf. And these high Raptures, so Divinely fed,
(This Courtly sound, blind Loves Romantique Style)

Is all on a poor piece of white and red,

No more than what one Summer's Sun can spoyle.

Eup. Ple hear no more; defend your Life. *[Astatius
only Retires.]*

Not one offensive Stroke? For once, I'll try

The Art I have, to mount your Rage as high.

Do you Retreat, you mighty Man of Love?

Your base unmanly Fear to Dye, remove.

But, to recall your frighten'd Soul again;

Call to your mind, that once there was a Swain,

That met you Face to Face, and from your Arm

This Garter snatches.

Asf.

Asp. How like a Fool do'st thou thy self betray.

Eup. Then take the Forfeit on this manly Way. [They

Fight, and Astatius falls.

Enter Glinias.

Clin. Oh, he has kill'd my Master! Help, Help!

Enter Shepherds.

Eup. A Curse on his wide Throat! [Exit Running.]

1. Sheph. Astatius Slain!

Clin. Make hast, like faithful Dogs go hunt about,

And you will quickly find the Murderer out.

He ran that way. [Exit Shepherds pursuing.]

Esculapius. Temple, to this Place is near;

And to his Priests, I will my Master bear:

They're better skill'd to cure his Wounds, than I.

Come dear Sir, rise, and from Death's Horrors fly!

Asp. Fare-well fair Nymphs, & you dear Pleasant Groves,

The once kind Scene of all my happy Loves.

A long Fare-well! What has this Minute done;

Who lived for the whole Sex, now dyes for one. (Exit,

supported by Clinias.

Esculapius Temple discovered; Priests attending.

1. Priest. Thou, who for Good to Humane Race,
To Sol thy Master, giv'st not Place.

2d. Priest. For, tho the Aire be nere so bright,
Made by the Beams of his great Light,
Unless 'tis Healthful made by Thee,
But hastens on Mortality.

1. Priest. Oh, then receive their joyful Sound,
Who with thy Blessing, Health, abound.

Enter Clinias, leading Astatius.

Priest. How dare you with unhallow'd Feet,
Prophane this Sacred Ground: Retreat.

Clin. Nay Reverend Sir, be not so much unkind;
Let us your Favour, not your Anger, find;
This wounded Swain does your kind Help implore;
Cure him, and we will trouble you no more.

Temple shuts.

With-

*The Constant Nymph.**Within.* Follow, follow, follow!*Enter Euplaste.* (Hounds make)*Eup.* Hell stop your Throats. What Cryes these Blood-To Fight 'em all, Alas! I am too weak.

And their Pursuits too hot, I escape by Flight.

What shall I do? I have but this one Slight.

I'll to *Traumatius* Vault, and hide me there;

So great a Reverence to that Place they bear,

As sure 'twill prove a Place for my Defence,

A Sanctuary 'gainst their Violence.

This Bush shall hide my Sword——

——Who'll Quarter cry, } *Throws his*Ought all offensive Weapons to lay by. } *Sword away.**(Exit.)*

ACT the FIFTH.

The SCENE, The Vault. *Alveria, Ismenius,*
*and Evander.**Alv.* **T**O thee thou purest Shade
Of all Love, ere *'Elysium* sent,
The Tribute of my Sighs is paid.
Ism. True Lovers dye not, but Translate
To a Divine, from Humane, State.
Then be less griev'd at your *Traumatius* Fate.*Enter Philisides, Running.**Phil.* Here I am safe. To your Protection take
A Swain, whom all the World beside forsake.
In this kind Sanctuary let me lye,
And be secure from Death and Infamy.*Evan. & Alv. Philisides!**Alv.* The Wolfe is come: And now my Dear, thy Flow'rs
I'll water with the best of Show'rs,

Warm

The Constant Nymph.

41

Warm Drops of Blood, To th' God of Wine,
Cause greatest loss unto the Vine,
The Goat is offer'd up: And Thee
Thus to my Love I offer — [Stabs Philsides.

Now 'tis done.

Then finish Fate what I've begun.

Evan. Oh, that a Hand so white should do
A Deed so black!

Alv. Oh, do not You

Who are a Priest, your Mouth defile,
By giving it so false a Style!

What Victim to *Traumaticus* Shade
Of sweeter Odour can be made?

Or more the Cry of his loud Blood appease,
Than this his Murderer, *Philsides*?

Evan. Of how much Mischief has my long Disguise
Been the unhappy Cause: In this Swain's Death,
I've bought the Proof of my *Alveria's* Faith,
And Constancy, at much too dear a Price.

Phil. Philsides! Yes, He I am!

For under none but my true Name,
I'd dye *Astreas* Lover—But that Breath
That name, that very Thought, has vanquish'd Death;
Such sovereign Balsome in it lyes,
That know to a new Life I rise.

Mistaken Fair! You've given the Wound in vain.
No Hand can reach that Heart where that bright Form
(do's Reign.

Alv. Oh my weak Hand! And thou dull Instrument,
That thus the Stroke falls short of the Intent!

Ism. I'm glad it is no Mortal Wound. Apply
You to your Surgery, whilst I
With speed to good *Sylvanus* send,
That he this Accident may know. [Exit Evander and
Philsides.

Enter Astacius and Clinias.

Ism. Your Wounds thus search'd, dress'd up, and bound,
Your Cure
Will need no further Care, it is so sure. G De

The Constant Nymph.

Depart—Yet first, 'twere fit that you express
By some Oblation, your true Thankfulness
To our great God.

Asf. That good Astonishment

Only directs to what my Heart was bent.
My Offering then, is all my Flocks of Sheep;
With all the Downs, on which my Flocks I keep:
All this I give; and what's of Gifts the best,
My Self (the Donor) to be made his Priest.

Ism. The Voyce of Heav'n, sent by these darting Beams,
I fear, the Anger of our God proclaims! [*It Thunders.*]
Stay on this Holy Ground, whilst I retire,
And the Mysterious Depths of Fate inquire. [*Exit.*]

Soft Musick plays till his Return.

Re-Enter Ismenius.

Ism. The God declares, That he has seen
How Faithless you in Love have been;
And till that Hamour's purg'd away,
On's Altars you no Fire must lay.
But to the Holy Fount repair,
And wash, in signe reclaim'd you are.
That done, a single Life protest,
The God admits you for his Priest. [*Exit.*]

Clin. Stay Master, stay, and be advis'd by me;
You know my Wit, and my Fidelity.
Do not with such a Servant part so soon;
Whose Like, you'll never have when I am gone.

Asf. Babble not, Sirrah, in this sacred Place.
Now, Beauty I defy my Magick Power.
These wanton Rovers shall fly out no more,
For ever in those sacred Walls confin'd,
I'll chain my Brutal Sense, & enlarge my Nobler Mind.

Clin. And, are you then resolved?

Asf. I am.

Clin. But pray,

Came now a rare fresh Beauty in your way,
Would the cold Water of the Holy Font
Cool you so much, you'd not engage upon't?

Asf.

Ast. Alas! the Change will be so great, that she
Would but at best a Statue be to me.
I might, perhaps, the Work-man-ship commend;
And only there, my Contemplations end.
He's scarce half Man, that makes a Woman's Eyes
His only Bliss, his only Paradise.

(Exit.

Enter Iphimemus and Sylvanus.

Ism. That you now offer him to your Son's Shade,
What sifter Expiation can be made?
It is but just, that Humane Blood should flow,
When offer'd to Divinity below,
Such as *Traumathus* is.

Sylvan. Your Will shall be obey'd: Do you prepare
The sacred Rites, and I the Secular.

(Exit.

Enter Evander and Philifides.

Phil. Think you she'll come?

Evan. Of that, doubt you no more,
Than Day will follow, the Night went before.
For none are here so impious, that they
The Summons of a Priest dare disobey.

Enter Astrea.

And see, how near my Word and Truth's ally'd.
She's come already: Do you step aside. [*Phil. steps aside.*]

Ast. If longer from you then I should, I have staid,
Blame me not, Sir; what hast I could, I made.

Evan. I blame you not, fair Nymph; but grieve, that Fate
Should so ordein, that you should come too late.
For, tho with so much Ardor for't she pray'd,
The last Sand in the Glass would not be staid,
Till in their seeing you, her dying Eyes
Might make their sett. Then be it no Surprise,
To say, She's dead; your Friend, *Euplaste*, 's dead.

Ast. And is *Euplaste* dead!

Phil. No, no, she's here!

She lives when ere *Astrea* do's appear.

Ast. *Philifides*! Oh then, I am betray'd!
Rise, rise! my Brothers Murder to my aid:

And with cold Ashes, taken from his Urne,
Choak up that Fire do's to my Breast return.

Phil. Why do you turn your frowning Eyes away?

Astr. Because the Rebels would my Soul betray.

Phil. Can my detested fight bring such Surprise?

Astr. What Horror in my Brother's Murderer lyes?

Oh that that fatal Name must drive me hence!

Phil. And can't you with one Minutes stay dispence?
Does one poor Sigh give such a great Offence?

Evan. One Minute's stay may be excus'd by Love.

Astr. Take me to Death! for what but Death can prove
So cruel, and so dire? Death will appear
An easier Torment, than to tarry here,
Within the reach of such a blood-shot-Eye;
'Tis less on Wheels, or torturing Wracks, to dye. (*Exit*)

Phil. Oh Life, since all thy Comfort flies away,
Why for a Plague, dost thou behind it stay!
Break, break, my Heart! Or, if at my Command
Thou wilt not break, come then some blessed Hand
And strike thee dead. [*Enter Ismenius.*

Ism. Your Invocation's heard.
The Hand to strike, already is prepar'd.
Then come away, for you must strait be made
A Victim to the blest *Tranmatius* Shade.

Astr. Oh stay, and bear him not so fast away!
Since sacred Ghost, this Swain his Life must pay,
Be not offended, dear immortal Shade,
When all his open'd Veins are bleeding laid,
If, to the Stream of Blood I add one Tear,
T'encrease the Sacrifice.

Phil. Oh, why this wast
Of Tears, *Astrea*, when the Season's past,
To have your pity in! Your Tears, now shed,
Are like Rain-Water, when the Plant is dead.
How comes it thus to pass, my being made
A Sacrifice to your dead Brother's Shade,
Should such Compassion win, when all my Love,
And Tortures there, could not your Pity move?

When

When to *Astutus* you my Right could pay,
And give your unkind straggling Heart away.

Astr. Oh do not this unjust Complaint pursue!
'Twas You that gave my Love the mortal Blow.
That, that I to my Brothers Murder owe.
My Love and Piety did such Conflicts make,
That th' only Man I lov'd, I could forsake.
My poor deplored unhappy Brother's Fall,
Conceal'd my Faith, Love, Reason, Sense, and All.

Phil. But were your Love and Reason so far gon,
That with your Charms, you could my Rival Crown:

Astr. Oh pardon me! I yeilded to my Doom;
And my Obedience made my Martyrdom.
I must not Love you, if you longer live:
And if you dye, Eternally must grieve!

Phil. In what a wretched State, Oh then am I,
Can have no Will to live, and none to dye:
For Hell my Life, and Hell my Death, you'll make,
If Love you give not, or if Grief you take.

Astr. However cross, we in this Point agree,
No two were ere so wretched made, as We.

Phil. And if in that we such proportion keep,
'Tis just we should in a like Measure weep.

Ism. But when that Grief swells in the Breast too high,
To give a stop to it, is Charity.

Then Youth make haste with us; and this proof give,
How much by dying you deserve to live. (*Ex. Phil. & Ism.*)

Astr. And shall, when he is gone, *Astrea* stay?
As well the Substance gone, the Shadow may.

No, to the Altar I with him will go,
And with him Dye: 'Tis all done at one Blow.

As she is going off the Inner part of the Temple, is discovered, an Altar flaming; Evander standing by it. Ismenius, Sylvanus, Shepherds, Shepherdesses. Philifides prepared for Sacrifice: Alveria standing by.

Ism. All the Pollutions, ere have been:
Let by those Doors (thy Senses) in,
Or corrupt Fancies ever bred,
Or Appetite engendered.

I with this Holy-Water, on
Thee sprinkled thus, do purge thee from.
And now, to th' Altar I thee lead,
To be a Victim to the Dead.

Enter Evander.

Evander. And thus I give thee up—to Life:
No Sacrifice, no use of Knife. [*Discovers himself.*]
For see, the Shadow hence is fled,
And, here's the Substance in its stead.
And now, no more a Priest, unless it be
To this his greatest Deity. [*To Alveria.*]

Omnis. Traumatius!

Traum. Another time, I'll let you understand,
How all my Wounds were Cur'd, and by what Hand.
I had no Hopes, that you would ere agree,
The fair *Alveria* should be wed by Me;
And what great Pitty, all would say, it was,
That so much Youth and Beaury, as she has,
Should either wastfully consume away;
Or, whilst your Blessing on't you would not lay,
Be gather'd most unhappily by me.
I had resolv'd, my supposed Death should be
The Means to give her up to better Fare;
But what I suffer'd in't, I'll not Relate:
My Pangs indeed, can be describ'd by none.
But this Assurance take, if to atone,
My Love and Duty, you do here deny;
Not in Disguise, but *I* in Truth, shall dye.

Ismenius, Sylvanus, and Lilla Whisper.

Alv. My Attempt upon your Life—— [*To Phil.*]

Phil. Has set upon

My Breast, a noble Mark of Love; whereon,
If ere *I* chance in Love to go awry,
Like a good Schollar, *I* will cast my Eye;
And, by that Scar, be taught my Loyalty.

Alv. How great a Charge, *Traumatus*, against thee,
Might I draw up? But that thou liv'st, and *I*
Alive to see't! 'twill be my whole Employ
To thank the Gods, and to rejoyce.

Traum. Whilst *I*

Give Veneration to a Constancy.

Mon

More worthy it, then are the Gods, and show
Obedience, equall to the Love I owe.
The Ills I did, or might have caus'd, declare
I did transgress: But All who Lovers are,
Will pardon him, I hope, who went a-stray
Only in Thought, that 'twas Loves fairest Way.

Astr. Ah, my *Phidiasides*! How am I brought
Into *Elysium*, by this Change is wrought,
To see thee live, and I have leave again,
To seal our Loves? There, there my Joy does Raigh!

Phil. Oh, for an Eccho now, that might repeat
These Words a Thousand times, they are so sweet!
But all the Crosses, which our Love has met,
Shall but a higher Gust t'our Pleasures set.

Sylvan. And can you take up such a strange belief,
That Joy becomes us in a Day of Grief?
Be making Marriages, when spilt Blood lyes
Fresh on the Earth, and with a loud Voyce, cries
To th' Gods, and they to us for Justice?
Is not *Astatius* slain? [Enter *Astatius* and *Clinias*.

Astr. Yes, is so slain,
That he will nere Converse with you again.
I have Renounc'd all Bonds, what ere they be,
Of sensual Love from any one to me.

Enjoy your Freedoms, and return me mine:
My Heart ingulphs all Love in the Divine.
You are a Priest *Ismenius*, and I crave
Your Absolution from all Crimes I have,
Thro the impulse of Youthful Blood, done here:
For I am to move now in a higher Sphear.
Advanced from following Sheep,
To serve the Altar of that God, from whom
My Health, my Bliss, and my Devotion, come.

Clin. Why, what a terrible sad Change is here?
I now, forsooth, must Church it every Day,
That scarce did see it above once a Year;
Must down upon my Marrow-bones, to pray,
My Belly must for Sins, much Penance do.
What a sad Fate is *Clinias* come to now?
I had Meat and Drink, the like was never seen:
But now, poor Guts, you'll nere be fill'd agen. *Sylv.*

The Constant Nymph.

Sylvan Since then the Day's clear'd up, there now
No Cloud shall stay upon my Brow,
Take both your Loves, and all I have;
And Father, with your Sacerdotal Seal,
Put you this Grant of mine, past all Recall;
My Son restor'd to Life, my Daughter blest,
Is such a Joy, as cannot be express'd!
Then, to acknowledge what my Stars have giv'n,
Pay you your Debts to Love, and I to Heav'n.

[Exit Omnes.]
F I N I S.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Clinias*.

G Ad Gentlemen, I know not what to say;
Something I had to talk about the Play,
The Wits, the Poets, and the Critiques,—
And twenty other things; but I've forgot 'em.
But 'tis no matter; Say we what we will,
You are the same hard-hearted Judges still.
You will damn the Plays, in spite of all we say;
But 'tis an unknown Author wrote this Play,
Known or unknown, 'tis all alike to You;
Courtship and Prayers, and All, will never do
To ruin a poor Scribler, to your Glory.
New Plays, no more, no more, no more,
No more, than a new Face, can stand before you,
High or Old; No all-fresh Game; and all
Are Prize, that in your Ravens Glutches fall.
You Gentlemen, as if a new Game,
Unmercifully than at any other,
You scarce can find a new Game,
But 'tis an ill Fate, a whole Week's Scurvy you'll lay,
And in mere spite of some Pleasure you will take,
If but to think you can't take it.

